

Daydreams

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32404072) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32404072>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	DNF , dreamnotfound , Smut , Fluff and Smut , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , e-sex , FaceTime Sex , Fluff , NSFW , Masturbation , Mutual Masturbation , Mutual Pining , Face Reveal , Dirty Talk , Anal Fingering , Edging , Praise Kink , begging kink , Explicit Sexual Content , Sexting , i've never posted an nsfw piece before sorry if my tags suck ass , thanks for reading tho
Language:	English
Collections:	unholy dnf
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-06 Words: 12092

Daydreams

by [bargainkat \(discountsimp\)](#)

Summary

“George, it’s not that big of a deal, okay? If anything, this is good! My snapchats don’t have to just be black screens and pictures of my lunch.” Dream finally said, catching his breath as his voice moved closer to the speaker.

“Yeah, yeah, no, exactly, yeah.” He stuttered, trying to hide the fact that he was still lost in his own head, staring too intently at the images.

Notes

hiii - welcome to my first nsfw fic <3 this is a gift for my beloved name twin, Kat. They make insanely beautiful art that I will link on twitter, including two pieces that this fic was based on! Make sure to follow them @LustyPieLita <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Annoyed. He felt annoyed, more than anything in the world. It started with a small rolling boil in the pit of his stomach, and only got worse from there. Bubbles began to pop at his surface as steam seemed to blow out his ears. He felt heated, a silently uncontrollable feeling of rage towards his best friend, of all people.

Six years. Six fucking years of late night conversations that made their way across pillowcases until the sun bled onto them through blinds. Six years of trust in every aspect of life, whether that be relationship advice, family troubles, literally anything. Six years of Dream still refusing to show his face to George. And now, when they were in a place where they could seriously consider meeting up, a goddamn pandemic had to sweep in and ruin it all.

The waiting sucked, yeah, but more annoying than that was just the constant reminder of *you don't know what he looks like*. Granted, not many people did, but he'd hoped that after six years of friendship that Dream felt like he could trust him enough to show him his face. Sappnap had seen it, he'd even moved in (and had made a point to brag about that fact as well as often as he could). And although George tried to direct his anger towards Dream, he still felt a tinge of jealousy towards the youngest of them.

So as he paced back and forth around his room, seething with annoyance and aggravation, he pulled his phone out, dialing Dream. It rang twice before the phone was picked up.

"Hey, what's up?" Dream asked, sounding completely distracted by whatever task he had at hand. George bit his tongue, trying to hold back from screaming at the top of his lungs. He took in a sharp inhale, holding his breath for a moment before releasing it. "George, you good?" Dream asked again.

"No." He replied shortly, his annoyance still nipping at his skin.

"Okay... wanna talk about it?" Dream asked, seeming to pull himself away from whatever he was working on to become more engaged in the conversation. George ran a shaky hand through his hair, hating himself for what he was about to ask.

"Don't hate me for asking this." He said, gripping at his hair tightly.

"George?" Dream's voice filled with concern, yet he could hear a tinge of intrigue in the way the younger spoke his name.

“I want to see your face. I want to see what you look like. I know we’ve had this conversation over and over again, and I’ve been playing it off as just another joke for a really long time. But honestly? It’s fucking killing me inside.” He began rambling, letting his hand drop from his disheveled hair to fall helplessly to his side.

“George...” Dream whispered back, trailing off as if he didn’t know what to say.

“Look, okay? I know you like your privacy and you wanted to do this in person. But life kinda fucked that up for a while, and it’s been fucking exhausting trying to put a face to your voice. If I’m being honest, Sapnap’s teasing has been getting to me. I just... I’m asking. I’m asking because I feel like you don’t trust me and that worries me, because I trust you and I—”

“George, stop.” Dream interrupted, his voice low and controlling. George fell silent, falling against his bed with a sigh to stare at the ceiling. The jealous, the annoyance, all of the brutal feelings that refused to leave his system seemed to wind their way through his veins like poison, and he didn’t like it at all.

“Look, I’m sorry. I’m sorry for needing to know so badly, I’m sorry that I’ve let it get to me. I just... We’re best friends, I just thought you trusted me more.” He continued, ignoring Dream’s previous comment as he pinched his eyebrows together in frustration, his thumb rubbing at an impending migraine.

“George, will you shut up for two fucking seconds please?” Dream asked, kindness somehow swelling in his tone side by side with that of his own form of annoyance. George stayed silent, obeying patiently, waiting for Dream to say something else as he listened to him breathe on the other side of the line.

After a few seconds of silence filling the space between their ends of the line, his phone buzzed against his ear. He pulled it away, quickly checking to see what it was. The brit was about to pull the phone back to his ear when he moved it forward again, seeing the notification in full. Quickly tapping the speakerphone button on his screen, he gently touched the notification.

New Snapchat from Dream

With shaky fingers, he hovered above the red box that signified a new snap had been sent to him. *Was this... was this actually happening?* For the first time in his life, he felt frozen. His limbs felt like they were slowly turning to stone under the medusa stare of his phone screen lighting up his face. He could feel his heartbeat racing in his throat, refusing to pump blood to the rest of his limbs as that dumb red box stared back at him. This was it.

He used all of his willpower to finally tap against the red box, watching it transform into an entire image that filled his screen. There in a mirrored image stood a boy with shaggy blonde hair, longer on the top and upkept along the sides, wavy curls rolling in on each other and cascading down in free strands across his forehead. Piercing yellow eyes loomed with lidded eyelids, followed by a perfectly sloped nose and rosy cheeks splattered with an array of freckles. A scar George had known about for years traveled across the bridge of Dream's nose, lining across his cheeks as well.

Below that, full lips he could only imagine the true petal pink shade of. High cheekbones and a sharpened jaw finished the face that looked like it had been carved in marble in ancient Greece, resembling his own ideology of a demigod. A strong neck lead down into broad shoulders, barely covered by a tank top, where more freckles danced across the tops of stunning collarbones.

The image cut off mid chest, leaving him to stare at the bust of one of the most beautiful people he had ever seen. Years of waiting couldn't have prepared him for this, especially not for how the edges of Dream's lips curled into a small smile and dimples wrinkled in on each other slightly, bringing some form of softness to his structured face. In short, Dream was fucking beautiful. And George felt truly breathless for the first time in his life.

"I trust you, George." Dream's voice hummed through the speaker, the tone of his voice mimicking his words in a poetic fashion.

"Can... Can I...?" He choked on his question, his brain refusing to remind his mouth how to form coherent words.

"Yeah, I don't mind." Dream replied, seeming somewhat pleased with himself as his ego echoed through the phone. George quickly took a screenshot, and then a second one, just for good measure. It took everything in him not to take a third, just to be safe. With the ten second timer run completely out, the image disappeared from his screen, replaced by a white list of names he could care less about.

"Dream... you..." He started, realizing he had no clue what he was trying to say.

"You don't have to say anything. Just know I trust you, okay?" Dream assured, the comfort his voice carried seeming to wrap around George like a warm blanket. He exited the app, immediately tapping to his camera roll to prove to himself that this was real. There they were, two identical screenshots of the same beautiful face. His. Only his.

“You’re... really... I don’t know how to describe it without it sounding weird.” He sputtered, tapping on one of the images in his camera roll, finding himself zooming in on the freckles across Dream’s nose.

“I highly doubt anything you say would make me feel weird.” Dream retorted, a small chuckle following his words. George felt his chest catch on fire as he moved the zoomed in image upwards, now staring directly into a citrine eye that seemed to sparkle with the light of a thousand suns.

“You’re fucking beautiful.” He whispered, pulling his phone as close to his face as humanly possible. He heard Dream laugh on the other end of the line, however there was no mocking or humor behind the noise. It sounded breathless, in a way, like he was embarrassed or flustered. George imagined this face that he was looking at on his screen lighting up with a blush as eyes pinched closed with a large toothy smile. And his heart began to race, beating against his sternum with a ferocity he’d never experienced.

“Thank you, I uh – I appreciate that, George.” Dream replied, his smile obvious as he spoke. George had the image zoomed in to Dream’s jaw now, tracing the harsh edges with his fingertips as they ghosted above his screen.

This feeling was new, raw, unexplored. There was a small flower beginning to bloom inside of his chest, sending vines crawling down through his stomach, growing and extending into more blossoming buds as they reached his fingers and toes. It felt fresh and exciting, feeling the vines of the flowers wrap around his veins and become a part of him. People had spoken about feeling *butterflies* before, but this felt like something tenfold.

“Still there with me?” Dream asked after the line had gone quiet, filled only with George’s exasperated breaths. He gulped thickly, moving the picture to focus on Dream’s mouth. His top lip wasn’t quite as full as his bottom, but still definitely plump. A small white line started above the left crest of his lip, extending down into the soft tissue before disappearing completely.

“You have a scar on your lip?” He asked, letting his eyes trace over it over and over again.

“Yeah, football shit. I got slammed really hard and fell face first into the field. The helmets we had were shit quality so the guard around my mouth and chin snapped, and a broken piece nicked me really hard there. Had to get stitches, shit sucked for a while.” Dream explained as George heard him lay back in his chair. His eyes were still locked on that simple white line, the stark contrast of it against Dream’s tanned skin and bright lips making the petals inside of him start to fall away from the flower.

“You never told me that.” He replied, eyes memorizing the shape of Dream’s mouth and the lines that curved around it. His mind wandered, wondering what they looked like moving, how much the edges would curl when Dream spoke and when his slight lisp would make him purse them slightly. He imagined, for just a moment, what it would feel like to touch them, to feel how soft they felt against the pads of his fingertips... or, *oh god*, pressed against... *stop*.

“It was a long time ago, honestly didn’t think it was that cool, just a stupid scar. Like the one on my nose, or the one on your eyebrow.” Dream noted. George pulled his eyes away from the picture for a moment, letting his hand wander up to his brow to trace over the line that ran down next to the arch.

“I forget about that sometimes.” George replied, running his finger over the line where new eyebrow hair refused to grow.

“I don’t. I see it every time you stream. I dunno its just one of the first thing my eyes go to when I see you.” Dream said, his voice becoming more shy as he spoke.

Dream... paid attention to that? Did he really watch George on stream, like actually watch him? Did he pay attention to small facial movements and hand gestures that the brit did? What else had he picked up on? His heart stilled, letting the bloom of the flower warm the spaces between his bones as leaves grew from the vines, securing no space be left unfilled between petals.

He let his mind wander again, wondering if Dream watched him as intently as he’d been studying this picture of his best friend. He wondered if he agreed with the comments fans made when they talked about how pink George’s cheeks were, how perfectly brown his eyes seemed to sparkle against the lights he illuminated himself with, or how his jaw looked from the side. He imagined, if only for a moment, Dream feeling the way he was feeling right now with a blooming heart and a firmly planted unknown feeling of bliss wrapping itself around his ribs. Did he find George as... *attractive*, as he found Dream?

“I uh- thank you... I think?” he replied nervously, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth as he returned back to the picture, letting his gaze fall towards Dream’s neck.

“I’m not going to say ‘*you’re welcome*’, because honestly that just sounds conceded on my part. I mean, the people are right when they say you have *pretty privilege*.” Dream stated, emphasizing the last phrase to ensure it resonated through the long-distance call. The bush of flowers growing inside of him seemed to be changing colors on their own accord, deepening to that of which he imagined a flame to be. Burning lightly against his skin as the compliment seeped its way into the soil within.

“Just wait til they see you.” He replied, letting his mouth run wild without any concern for where his words were going. The image of a strong neck sloping perfectly into muscular shoulders was interrupted as another snapchat notification dropped from the top of his screen. He tapped it far too quickly, only hesitating briefly before opening the image hiding behind the name that felt like it had begun to permeate his entire being.

The same blonde hair had been pushed back slightly, wavy curls twisting in on themselves, clearly having fingers recently run through them. This time though, those pretty lips were pursed together while a single finger was held up in front of them, motioning to shush the bit. One eye was shut in a wink, while the other remained open in a teasing manner, eyebrow cocked in a way that made his insides feel like they were melting. Another double screenshot to ensure he wasn’t going to miss ingraining the image into his mind later.

“Let’s just keep it between us for now.” Dream stated, a small laugh running through his voice as he presumably saw the message that George had screenshotted his image once again.

“Y-yeah, of course. Dream... Thank you. I’m sorry I’m so—”

“Flustered?” Dream interrupted, and George just *knew* that the blonde’s chest was swirling with pride.

“Shut the fuck up.” He finally managed to utter out, his voice falling to a hushed whisper as he stared at the new images staining his camera roll. Dream apparently found that extremely humorous, as his voice seemed entirely gone while a wheezing fit of laughter filled his end of the line.

Normally, George would be one to put on a façade of annoyance, and pick an argument against his best friend. But now, *God*, now he could hardly manage to breathe as he stared intently at the face he could finally match to late night calls and flirtatious comments. Dream was right, he was flustered, and there was no hiding that.

He carefully zoomed in again, memorizing the way Dream’s finger looked pressed against his lips. Focusing on the faint white glow of his teeth behind the forced facial movement. Letting his mind wander as it thought more about those lips and fingers being real and connected to the person on the other end of the call. To be frank, he was fucked.

“George, it’s not that big of a deal, okay? If anything, this is good! My snapchats don’t have to just be black screens and pictures of my lunch.” Dream finally said, catching his breath as his voice moved closer to the speaker.

“Yeah, yeah, no, exactly, yeah.” He stuttered, trying to hide the fact that he was still lost in his own head, staring too intently at the images.

“We can facetime later too if you want, like actually facetime.” Dream added casually. George felt the blooming flowers in his chest double in size at the idea of seeing Dream actually move on camera, see his lips curl as he spoke, see what he looked like when he was laughing.

“I’d really like that, Dream.” He replied softly, looking up to his bedroom window in some effort to ground himself to the reality that this was happening.

“Alright, then I’ll call you later. Until then, I’ll snap you.” Dream confirmed, the sound of promise resonating through George as the words floated through the empty air in his room.

“Please do.” He said, that same softness settling in his voice.

“Bye, Georgie...” Dream trailed off, the pet name sending a warm tingling sensation down the brit’s spine.

“Bye, Dream.” He whispered back, waiting until the line went silent and a beeping noise indicated that he was fully alone again.

If he could describe what he was feeling fully, if he really could, he’d say he was smitten. He’d spent years, countless fucking years, imagining what his best friend looked like. He’d referenced art that their fans had spent dedicated hours on, worked through images of blonde men with green eyes that fit Sapnap’s descriptions, tossed and turned sleeplessly for nights on end... All in an attempt to paint the image of the man that never seemed to leave his head.

And now, after what seemed to be an overexaggerated meltdown, here he was. Staring at a screen with duplicated images that were more beautiful than anything he could ever imagine. It felt dangerous, in a way. Knowing what Dream looked like when it had been a mystery for so long. How was he supposed to keep his composure when they were on streams together and he could fully picture what the boy on the other end of the call looked like? How was he supposed to control his own reactions when Dream would be staring back at him through his camera lens, watching his every movement?

Opening the first image again, he let his mind begin to wander further. Imagining what that jaw

looked like when Dream was frustrated or focused, wondering what his eyebrows looked like pinched together when he felt annoyed or confused. He found himself zooming in on dazzling yellow eyes, tempted to find the glasses Dream had gotten him so he could see their true color in full.

He felt like he was melting into his bed as he switched between the two photos, memorizing each dimple, each freckle that spotted across high cheekbones and the bridge of his nose. He let himself imagine running his fingers over them softly, feeling the warmth of Dream's skin under the pads of his fingertips. George lifted his fingers to his own face, gently brushing across his skin where he imagined touching Dream, imagined... *fuck*.

A new snapchat notification appeared at the top of his screen, indicating Dream was sending him yet another picture to add to his collection. And who was he to deny such a beautiful person of being seen. He quickly switched to the application, pressing the dark box to open the image without a second thought, eager to see what was going to surprise him this time.

The screen flashed to an image that had him hanging his mouth open in awe. Dream, in his full stature, reflected into a floor length mirror with his sweet striped cat resting in his free arm. He wore sweatpants that were rolled at his hips, and that simple white t-shirt. However handling Patches must have been somewhat of a task, as George could see the hemline of his shirt lifting at his hip, revealing the slightest sneak peek of skin.

"Patches says hi :)" The message across his chest read. A double screenshot, just to be sure, and then the image was gone. Before George switched the application back to his camera roll, he remembered for a moment that the blonde was probably trying to hold a conversation, and that if George responded to him, he'd only be graced with more pictures.

Lifting his camera above his head, he was met with a reversed image of himself staring through the lens. He'd only just noticed how bright of a blush was staining his cheeks, and huffed lightly at the sight. Then again, so what if he was still flustered? He'd been hit with a bombshell, and if he were being honest, he didn't mind Dream knowing that he'd left him completely and entirely enamored.

He shuffled his hair lightly, fixing pieces that had been skewed out of place by his anxious need to pull at anything when it came to confrontations. With a newfound feeling of nervousness, he pulled his free hand up into a peace sign next to his face, smiling widely for the camera with his eyes pinched shut as he heard the sound of the camera taking his picture. He peeled his eyes back open, seeing his blushing face smiling back at him. He considered adding a filter to soften the glow of his cheeks, but ultimately just decided to add a caption and press send.

'hi patches!' he typed, sending the message through the air, silently hoping it would be lost at sea

before ever reaching the country it was traveling to. He stared at his screen for a moment, debating shutting it off and never speaking to anyone ever again as he realized just how vulnerable he'd been by sending his blushing face to the boy that was supposed to be nothing but his platonic best friend. But he was pulled from his anxious thoughts as he saw the arrow turn from sent to opened.

Dream was waiting for him to respond. He had to have been. There's no way he'd been *that* quick to open his message without anxiously waiting for George's response to come through. What shocked George even more was when he got a notification that Dream had taken a screenshot.

Curiosity peaked inside of him, blossoming as he considered the fact that he'd taken three screenshots in a row without hesitation, only for the boy on the other end of the line to take one of him. Did he find himself staring at pictures of George too? Did he zoom in on his eyes, on his jaw, on his lips? Did he let himself wonder what it would be like to see him in person and memorize his features up close?

Another new snapchat came through, and he was quick to open it, craving whatever Dream's useless message would say over another image of his face or body.

"She's cuddly today" The message read, but that didn't matter.

No, what mattered was the close up of the tabby cat curled into a ball on Dream's chest as his large hand splayed over her back, fingers covered slightly by the tips of her fur. George took another screenshot shamelessly, knowing full well he was going to have to suffer through endless teasing in the future. He couldn't give less of a fuck though, not if it meant having proof that Dream was real and looked *that good*.

He turned onto his side, waiting for the image to disappear before he opened his camera to send another selfie back. He'd done this hundreds of thousands of times, sent mindless selfies without a care in the world for how he looked or what stupid face he was making. But now, he felt a little more self-conscious. He wanted to know if Dream was going to be taking more screenshots of him, and if he were, he wanted to ensure he looked at least semi decent.

"Am I supposed to be jealous?" He typed out over the image of himself lazily laying against a pillow, the curled ends of his hair falling softly against his forehead as he dawned a smirk and rolled over eyes. The flirtatious nature of the message was nothing new, but he felt more excited than he ever had while sending it this time.

Impatience was becoming the better of him now, he felt the burning need to review the two new

images he'd saved forever. Switching to his camera roll once again, he found the image of Dream standing in the mirror once again, zooming in to study it. As much as he wanted to stare at the beautiful face shadowed slightly by curled blonde locks, he found himself moving the image down until he landed at that sliver of skin.

It really shouldn't have made him feel the way it did. Tanned skin sloping over a raised hip bone with light freckles dotting along. It looked soft, supple even. He cursed the thought in his mind that made him crave touching it with his hands, in person. He cursed his own mind even further when he began imagining lifting the shirt higher, or pushing Dream's sweats down. He wanted to see and feel as much skin as possible, and *God*, it felt like lightning shooting through his veins as he envisioned what could be.

He wasn't sure when these feelings had started developing. Maybe it was when Dream's voice started dripping more sweetly like honey, or perhaps it was when he would fall asleep on call mumbling nothings and gentle appreciations until he dozed off. George was sure for the longest time that the warmth he had felt inside of himself whenever Dream would prioritize him was nothing notable, but after seeing these pictures of the blonde, he wasn't so sure.

Another snapchat notification came through after one for a screenshot, so George ditched the saved images for whatever new one he could capture. He became nervous upon the realization that this one was a video. With a shaky breath, he tapped the icon to play the video. It revealed a similar pose, but this time Dream's fingers were curled deeper into Patches' fur, pulling gently across her back as she purred loudly against Dream's chest. George watched his chest move with every breath, watched the way the veins in his hands and arm seemed to flex with every movement of his hand. And *fuck* he was entranced when he watched Dream's blinking and stoic face melt into a soft smile.

"You wish this was you, don't you Georgie", The caption read. George felt his heart slow to a complete stop, watching the video replay, eyes trained on the way Dream's lips curled when he smiled. There was a soft blush settled against his cheeks, and George couldn't help himself from taking another screenshot as soon as the smile was repeated again.

It felt dirty in a way, saving pictures of his best friend that he was supposed to see only as such. But he found himself eyeing them desperately, tracing every inch of skin he could find, imagining touching every single freckle and connecting the space between them with his tongue. He felt selfish, in a way. Ogling on and on against tan, strained muscles and a chiseled jawline. Dream really was beautiful, he was attractive, and hot, and, dare he think it or say it out loud, Dream was sexy.

George snapped another picture of himself, unable to comprehend sending a video as Dream had. He captioned it with a simple: "wouldn't you like to know", as if it were teasing enough to egg Dream on further.

He went back to his camera roll, zooming in on the scar that sunk against the skin of Dream's lip. He let himself wonder what it would feel like, if the skin would feel different or if it feel pleasing against his own lips. He'd admit he'd thought about kissing Dream before, although he'd boil that down to too many jokes being made about them.

But now... now he actually considered it. Considered what it would feel like to press himself up onto his toes and hover his own mouth mere centimeters away from Dreams. What it would feel like to lick against the scar teasingly as Dream's large hands would snake under his hoodie and around his waist. He imagined what it would feel like to *finally* press his lips against Dream's and wrap his hands around his neck, tangling his fingers in the longer pieces of hair at the nape of his neck when it would grow out.

The thoughts send a shiver down his spine, echoing through his ribs and dancing across his heart as it sank further into his chest. The feeling melted throughout his body, sending a warm and dangerous wave of sensational bliss from his neck down to his toes. If he hadn't flipped over onto his stomach a few moments before, he would have been able to ignore the new strain beginning to form in his pants.

Stop. You're not supposed to feel like this. Stop, please stop.

He tried to will his body to listen, beckoning and pleading it not to react the way it was. But the more his eyes traced over pink lips and the smallest peek of perfect white teeth, the more his body refused to listen to his mind's demands. Another notification made his heart race as he pressed his hips against the mattress, hoping to subdue the uncontrollable pressure beginning to form.

Another picture, this time taken directly of Dream's face from overhead. The sun was setting on his side of the world, casting an amber glow throughout his living room that only enhanced the coloring of his freckles and tanned skin. A playful smirk lined his face, with an eyebrow cocked and an eye closed in a wink.

"Maybe I would..."

Screenshot. George buried his face in the mattress, screaming into the muffled fabric as the strain further down began to only get worse. It was getting painful, slowly pushing his hips further into his bed in order to soothe himself in the smallest way possible. He pulled his face up, moving his phone out in front of his face to send a picture of himself with a fake eyeroll and a small smile.

“You’re an idiot... I’m not as cute as Patches anyways.”

He sent it without thinking about just how inviting his message had been. Dream had always been one to jump on complimenting George whenever he could, and as endearing as George found it, he also found himself blushing at the idea of hearing said words fall out of Dream’s mouth. Especially now that he could fully envision it, fully picture the way his lips would move with the words he spoke.

George rolled his hips against the mattress, letting out a soft sigh as his eyes fluttered to a close. Behind his eyelids, he could see smiling pink lips, bright white teeth, that single vein running down Dream’s neck that was more prominent than anything else. If he focused hard enough, he could see a pulse behind tan, fragile skin... could imagine sucking against it until it bruised to a pretty purple. He rolled his hips again, humming at the feeling of pressure against his crotch as he pressed his body into his bed.

The vibration against his hands stirred him from his brief daydream, signifying another incoming message. He groaned as he rolled his hips against his bed one more time, letting his eyes roll back momentarily as the pleasing sensation echoed through his body. He tapped the notification, another picture.

Dream’s eyebrows were turned down in a suggestive manner, his eyes turned to look at something to his side while his lips were parted. His tongue pressing against one of his canine teeth while the edges of his lips curled up into a suspicious smile. *Hot, really fucking hot. I want to feel those teeth bite my lips, bite against my neck... shit.* George fought the urge to roll his hips down into the bed again as he read the message that overlayed the image he’d managed to screenshot with a foggy head.

“You’re way cuter than Patches. You’d probably look better on my lap too ;)”

Fuck. He couldn’t resist, feeling his dick pressing too tightly against the restraint of his boxers to ignore now. He rolled his hips again, salivating at the feeling of pressure against his hardening problem. He closed his eyes again, imagining what it would actually be like to be in Dream’s lap. What it would be like to have his lonely mattress replaced by toned thighs and a similar hard-on in Dream’s own pants.

The sensation flooded his body with a warmth that collectively pooled in his abdomen as he continued to roll his hips mercilessly against the mattress, refusing to shift his positioning or touch himself. He wanted the feeling to last, he wanted to see just *how much* Dream could make him feel. It was the best form of torture he could imagine, and he knew the only way to keep it up was to play along with the jokes that they would always get too carried away with.

With a hopeful sigh, he snapped another picture of his flushed face, hair falling in front of his eyes as he lolled his head to the side, pursing his lips slightly. If he were being honest, he looked like a wrecked mess, but if Dream wanted to play this game, he was going to give him a run for his money.

“I don’t know Dreamie, my bed is pretty comfy. You sure your lap is comfier?”

He sent the snapchat, flipping onto his back finally. He moaned lightly at the movement, restraining himself from letting his hands wander below the waistline of his sweats as he bucked his hips into the air against nothing. Humming, he lolled his head to the side, eyeing Dream’s hoodie that had been draped across the back of his gaming chair.

An idea, admittedly somewhat evil, sparked in his mind. He left his phone on his bed as he sprang to his feet, darting over to the hoodie. His body was already warm, heated from the insatiable arousal he’d developed from seeing Dream in such a *real* state. Even still, he pulled his t-shirt off, trading it for the oversized hoodie that draped around his slender body comfortably. He relished in the feeling of the soft fabric gliding across his skin, enjoying its comfort more and more every time he wore it.

George’s phone buzzed against his bed, and as he picked it up, he noticed that there was only a single notification. A single screenshot had been taken. He didn’t know why he felt anxious, it was creeping through his skin like pinpricks of icy rain. He’d taken so many screenshots himself, so there certainly wasn’t any issue with Dream taking some of his own. No, what made George’s skin crawl was the fact that a second notification hadn’t come through yet. There had been no return message, no witty response, and he worried that he might have pushed it too far.

He wanted to keep pretending. He liked the idea that, in his head, he and Dream were in the same room. He liked the idea that he could imagine himself sitting in Dream’s lap, nibbling at his ears while fingernails trailed down his back. He wanted to feel the heat between their bodies radiate throughout an entire room, ready to set it ablaze as they crossed the invisible line that had been drawn and manipulated for years.

Behind closed eyes and closed doors, George imagined aggravated moans turned sexual as he ground against Dream’s clothed dick. He imagined the pressure of their bodies pressed against each other while lips sloppily meshed together in an unsynchronized fashion. He imagined the way Dream’s sharp canine teeth would feel sinking into the fragile, pale skin of his own neck. Biting and bruising until marks of love and lust blossomed against his skin, just like the blooming flower inside of his body. He lowered his hand, letting it press against the bulge in his sweats lightly to readjust slightly.

His phone, thankfully, buzzed again against the sheets of his bed. He pondered for a moment on the idea of making Dream wait for him to respond. He didn't want to appear too eager, but then again, who was he kidding? He lurched forward, grabbing the phone from his bed before standing back upright, leaning against the back of his gaming chair.

This image was different than what he'd seen before. If what they'd been sending back and forth was meant to be callous flirting, then what he had on his screen in front of him was Dream being fully fledged and caught up in the moment. Dream was good at getting carried away, but for the first time in their six year long friendship, George had no intention of stopping him.

Dream was pulling at the neckline of his tank top, revealing skin taightly pulled across well toned pecs. There was a small peek of his nipple from where the material separated from his body, perked lightly and barely shadowed by the cast of his jaw above. Dream's tongue was playfully splayed out of his mouth, his top lip curved into a sneered teasing lift. The scar on his lip lifted beautifully, pulling that top corner of his lip up further in an enticing manner. His nose wrinkled at the face he'd been making, the scar across the bridge of his freckled face wrinkling in on itself slightly.

"You're right, maybe I'd like to see how comfy your bed is Georgie"

If the revealing image hadn't been enough to send George's mind down into the depths of hell, the caption definitely sealed the deal. He wasn't playing around anymore. There was a newfound sense of careless lust that was dancing between their shared images, and George was in no way ready for it to end any time soon. An idea perked in his mind, one he hoped would send Dream reeling back if he played it well enough.

George moved to his full length mirror, adjusting himself as to not be too obvious quite yet. He shimmied the waistband of his sweats down so that his boxers were poking out of the top of them, clinging tightly to his waist. He messed with the bottom hem of Dream's hoodie a bit until he found a position that looked casual enough to not look too staged. He didn't look quite right, so his eyes darted around his room until they settled on his stupid clout goggles that rested atop one of his monitors.

He chuckled to himself as he put them on, letting them tip down to rest against the bridge of his nose. He shuffled his hair lightly before returning back to his previous positioning. It took a few tries to get the perfect shot, a few attempts at twisting his hips and making sure his face looked casually lax.

"I like the hoodie you sent me!"

It was the best response he could come up with without asking Dream to fuck him so bluntly. He liked the game, he liked the idea of saying what he wanted without fully articulating it. Most of all, he liked the idea that Dream was having just as much fun as he was with the entire thing. Now that the boundary of his face had been lifted, there was a new sense of trust settling within their friendship. And not even the Gods could stop the path they were spiraling down.

A screenshot notification had been inevitable at this point, so he wasn't surprised when it popped up on his screen. He also knew that it would take Dream another undetermined amount of time to respond. If he'd calculated it correctly, if he'd been correct in assuming Dream was just turned on by their newfound communication as he was, then he knew whatever response he got back was sure to be his downfall.

And God... he was right. The image he received in return was one that made him drool. Standing in front of a full length mirror, Dream's own sweats had been rolled at his hips, fingers tucked into the pocket as his thump pulled at the waist band. His bare abdomen was fully revealed as a hoodie, with George's own personal logo, was cropped mid way up his ribcage. His stomach was toned, the slight curve of his waist leading into freckled hipbones that had seen more sun than George had seen the entire summer. Dream was barely peeking behind his phone as it covered the majority of his face, but his curls fell gently across his forehead.

"Two can play that game georgie."

He was fucked. He collapsed against his bed with his eyes shut tight, unable to control his urges any further. He dropped his phone against the mattress, letting his hands fall to his waistband as he pulled his sweats down. Granted they weren't what was causing the most strain against his boner, it still felt freeing to have them removed.

A shuddered break raked his body as he pulled down his boxers as well, letting his dick spring up and slap against the material of the smiley hoodie he was drowning in. George let out a sigh of relief as the cool air in his room rushed against the sensitive skin he refused to touch. In his mind, he imagined Dream was the one pulling his trousers off for him, was the one wrapping his hand gently around George as he licked up the insides of his thighs.

He wanted more than what he could ask for as he let his fingers brush against the head lightly, treading through a small pool of precum that had dribbled out. A choked sigh left his throat unwillingly, swimming in the air around him as he let himself feel further, keeping his eyes pinched closed as he imagined larger hands twisting around his shaft instead of his own slender fingers. George still wanted to wait, still wanted to edge himself past his breaking point in favor of achieving an ultimate body high all because of Dream.

He released himself, groaning at the lost touch as he grabbed his phone once again. If he were a

weaker man, he'd have let himself just eye over the images he had already saved, and relieved himself with the simple flicks of his wrist. But the cravings for more delicious images of Dream's unseen skin were too tempting.

George pushed himself off the bed, tucking his dick back under the hoodie to let the material pool around his mid thigh region. Standing back in front of the mirror, he pulled the glasses from his face, keeping them tucked in a sweater paw. With the temple of his glasses poking out, he let the tip of it pull at his bottom lip as he bit at the white plastic. He dropped his eyes to look at his own reflected image on his screen as he snapped the photo, his knees turned inward slightly to add a hint of innocence to his obscene pose.

"Bet you can't play this game with your cropped hoodie."

His caption was teasing, eliciting a bubbling giggle from his body as he added little heart shaped 'stickers' around his thighs before pressing send. He felt breathless wondering what Dream's reaction to the picture would be. Would he be as flustered as George felt? Was he as hard as George was underneath his hoodie?

George palmed at himself, leaning his back against his wall as he sunk to the floor with shaking knees. He moved slowly, letting the soft interior lining of the hoodie rub against his cock with ease as he waited for his phone to notify him of any sign of life from across the ocean.

He considered the flower that had blossomed within him when Dream had sent the first image, something that seemed like ages ago but had, in reality, only been less than an hour before hand. As he moved his hoodie against his dick, he closed his eyes again and let his head fall back against the wall. The flower within him had burned entirely, petals melting into swimming lava that seared every nerve in his body. Vines tightened around his veins as he pictured flashes of dragging his tongue up Dream's abdomen.

Salty sweat and the flavors of delicious and undeniable lust would radiate off of his body as George made his way up, nipping at his chest and collarbones while large fingers tangled through his hair. He'd run his slender fingers upwards as he moved, letting his thumbs sink into the warmth of Dream's mouth as the latter swirled his tongue around them. He'd situate himself on top of the taller man, grinding down on him as –

A new notification interrupted his thoughts, making him wince at the daydreams that were playing through his mind on their own conviction. He pulled away, whining and arching his back at the loss of touch once again. It was becoming unbearable at this point, and he wanted to finish almost too badly. But seeing what new and possibly even hotter response Dream had for him was too tempting.

“Checkmate?”

The text was nothing compared to what laid underneath. Dream had ditched his sweats as well, keeping on the cropped hoodie while donning only skin-tight fitting boxers around his waist. George keened at the image, tracing the outline of Dream’s thighs where they met in the middle to reveal a bulge. *He’s hard too, thank fucking God.* George thought to himself, screenshotting the image. He shamelessly raked over it, zooming in on Dream’s crotch to admire just how *big* the blonde seemed to be underneath light grey fabric.

He wanted it, he wanted to press his palm against Dream’s hardened cock as he felt the taller blonde moan into his mouth. He wanted to make his body shudder and quake as he made him feel as good as humanly possible. George wanted to drop to his knees and lick and suck at the cock hidden behind the straining fabric in the image. He wanted to know what Dream tasted like, and he wanted to find out exactly what he could do to make him release down his throat.

He was tempted to let his hand fall back against his own cock, tempted to let his fingers make their way under his hoodie to touch himself once again. He held back though, tightening the muscles in his abdomen to make his dick shift against the skin of his stomach. A whimper left his lips as he clawed at the carpet below, nails digging in tight enough to pull the threads from where they were secured to the floor. The dangerous game had become almost too enticing, and he was ready to go all in.

George snapped a picture of himself with his knees pulled to his chest, cropping out his bare ass while the hoodie pooled around his sides. His flushed cheeks pressed against his bare knees, squishing at the skin on skin contact. Puppy dog eyes swam with desire as he put stickers of stars in the center of them, only trying to add the affect of his intended silent pleading.

“Who said I was still wearing boxers under the hoodie?”

The tipping point, the moment he pressed send he knew there was no going back. He’d started the swirling descent down the whirlpool that led into a black hole. There was no coming back, he was destined to drown in the darkest depths of the ocean where the melted petals inside of him would transform into bubbles escaping his lungs.

The tension of waiting for a response or notification of a screenshot made George anxiously palm at himself, twisting his flattened palm over the hoodie covered tip of his dick while he waited. Still wanting to hold out for what he hoped was to come, he moved slowly, pressing as lightly as possible against himself. The screenshot notification came through first, making his chest swell with pride at the thought of Dream having such a *vulnerable* image of him saved forever.

He imagined Dream crawling across the carpet in front of him on hands and knees, approaching him slowly with lust filled eyes. He imagined Dream's hands pulling at his knees, and himself letting them fall apart pliantly to reveal his hard cock hidden behind the fabric of the onyx hoodie. He wanted to hear Dream hum with approval as he crawled further between George's knees, slowly and tantalizingly lifting the fabric while he felt hot breath ricochet against the skin of his neck.

The notification rang through again that a new snapchat was waiting on his end of the line, and as much as he wanted to stay in his head, he wanted to see what on earth Dream could have come up with as a response. He palmed himself hard, pressing his dick against the skin of his stomach, trying not to rub against it as he picked up his phone and opened the new image.

Fuck.

Dream was still in front of his full length mirror, this time though his boxers were gone. Hipbones turned into an undeniable V-line and the sides of bare thighs. A sticker of a Dream smiley mask had been placed directly over Dream's crotch, large enough to hide his cock but small enough to reveal that he had definitely ditched his boxers. He'd kept his hoodie on, but had an arm flexed behind his head, fingers tugging at his curls while his phone covered half of his face. A prideful smirk was obvious, creeping from behind the phone along with a cocky eyebrow lift.

"prove it."

The caption was intoxicating, seeing Dream's body made George feel drunk on the idea of moving forwards with what they were doing. Casual conversation was long gone, and platonic flirting had been forgotten ages ago. He wasn't sure when this became as real for Dream as it had for him, hell he didn't even know *when* it became real for him. But who was he to deny someone as beautifully god-like as Dream what he wanted?

George pushed himself onto his stomach, the drag of the carpet against his dick sending a warming chill down his spine. He adjusted himself, pulling the back of the hoodie up over the curve of his back to reveal his ass cheeks that he lifted slightly into the air. Bending his knees, he lifted the lower half of his legs in the air, crossing his ankles lightly. He pulled his camera in front of himself, angling it a little higher to fully capture the image of his naked lower half.

"Checkmate."

He found himself giggling as he added in app stickers of hearts and a dream smiley mask on one of

his ass cheeks, coloring little blushed cheeks onto the mask before pressing send. It was risqué, sending Dream an image of himself so naked and vulnerable, but he didn't feel shame. If anything, arousal was searing through his body like a ravenous wildfire, igniting every sense in his body with adrenaline and excitement as he watched the new screenshot notification chime through his cursed phone screen.

Closing his eyes yet again, letting his mind wander further down the rabbit hole, he imagined Dream behind him where he laid on the ground. Imagined large hands snaking under his hips to lift his ass higher into the air, imagined the sensation of soft lips and a wet tongue prodding at his hole as he melted into the floor below. He wanted to be under Dream's control, allowing him to move and contort George in any way he desired. George would be pliant, putty in his hands as he worked him open, doing as he pleased.

The newest snapchat revealed Dream entirely shirtless now, an evident blush running across his freckled chest and shoulders that stemmed from his face. George may not have been able to see the color in its purest form, but he could imagine just how deep of a cherry wine Dream's skin had turned from the dark hues haunting his taught muscles. He was splayed on his back with an arm resting over his eyes, his teeth tugging at his bottom lip that was freshly wetted by spit.

George's eyes traced further down the image, admiring the way Dream's muscles rippled his skin in a beautiful fashion, treading down to his sharp hipbones. The image ended right below his pelvis, revealing a tuft of darker hair barely out of camera shot in the center of his crotch. George took a screenshot, not bothering to respond yet as he moved to his camera roll to zoom in.

There it was. At the very bottom of the image, he saw it. The smallest peek of a flushed tip with a small leaking bit of precum. He drooled at the sight, wishing he could touch or taste it as he stared intently at the hint of Dream's cock in the image. He zoomed out, re reading the caption that made his jaw fall slack.

"you're going to be the death of me Georgie... fuck."

The caption along with the revealing head of Dream's leaking cock was enough to seal the deal. George flipped back onto his back, hiking the hoodie up until his dick was graced by the cool air in his room. He sighed, running his hand up the shaft until his fingertips reached the tip. He gathered the warm precum that had formed, running it down the side of his shaft with a shuddered breath at the sensational feeling of *finally* touching himself.

He was sick of the daydreams, as enticing as they were, he wanted the real thing. He ultimately decided on sending one last snapchat, hoping it would be enough for Dream to topple over their invisible boundaries. He hiked the hoodie up further, letting it pool around his neck so his chest was bare and open. He moved the sleeve of the hoodie around his hand, wrapping it around his

dick so only the smallest bit of the tip could be seen. With his free hand, he lifted his phone up, making sure his entire torso was pictured along with his barely visible dick. He lolled his head to the side, parting his lips and closing his eyes as he snapped the photo.

If he hadn't looked like an absolutely wrecked mess before, he sure did now. His nipples were poking out visibly from his chest while goosebumps traveled up the expanse of his stomach and ribcage. He chose a filter that he knew added an extra pink glow to the image, not worrying to add playful stickers this time around.

“prove it.”

The caption was just teasing enough, throwing Dream's own words right back at him as the ultimate act of revenge. The hoodie would definitely need to be washed after everything George had done in it, let alone what he hoped was about to happen. He couldn't care less about the precum sticking to his sleeve, or the collection of it that had pooled against his abdomen. All he wanted was Dream.

He wanted to feel him between his legs, he wanted to feel his teeth dragging across his skin, leaving hickeys wherever he wanted to. He wanted Dream to want him just as desperately as he was craving the blonde in this moment. He wanted to pull on his hair and bite at his neck, he wanted to feel the difference in size between himself and his best friend, wanted to feel the strain of their crotches rubbing filthily against each other while dirty nothings were whispered between raw bitten lips.

There was a pool of warmth puddling in his abdomen as he continued to stroke himself slowly, the tedious drag of the plush material of his sleeve making his eyes roll back in his head as he imagined Dream's body on top of his. His skin felt like it was on fire as he imagined Dream prying at his hole with lubed fingers, curling inside of him to hit the perfect bundle of nerves that would drive his mind wild.

His phone rang.

On the first ring, he stroked himself slowly once more, groaning at the slow pull of fabric against his sensitive dick.

On the second ring, he realized it was a facetime call.

On the third ring, he finally answered, pulling the phone to his flushed face as the screen revealed a sweating and also insanely flushed Dream smiling at him.

“Hi Georgie...” His voice was gravelly, strained against his throat as George finally watched his mouth move in sync with his words. His voice felt like the sun itself was shining down on him, gracing him with the rays of Dream’s lips curling and his teeth shimmering in golden light.

“Hi Dreamie...” George whispered back, smiling shyly now that their conversation was live and there was no hiding what he was feeling anymore.

“I meant it, when I said you were driving me crazy.” Dream said lowly, lust lingering in his tone as his words melted into George’s skin.

“I meant it when I told you to prove it.” George replied maybe too quickly, still slowly stroking himself as he watched Dream’s mouth curve into a smile.

“You really wanna see?” Dream prodded, smirking as George watched his shoulder moving slightly. There was no denying what was happening, and *God* it felt good.

“Please.” George whimpered, squeezing at his dick, arching his back as he watched Dream move the camera down.

He wasn’t just bigger than George had imagined, no, he was even more beautiful that he could have ever daydreamed about. His large hands curved around his dick with ease, thumb prodding at the head as he swirled precum around, only to drag it back down his shaft. George knew Dream could see him keeling at sight, knew that he could hear his breaths falling faint.

“*Fuck Dream...*” He moaned lightly, dragging his vowels out as he watched Dream’s hand move with ease up and down his hard cock. He wanted to pull his phone closer to his face to fully grasp the image in front of him. He wished desperately that he could be transported to Dream’s home to replace his hand with his own, perhaps even both of his hands if their size really compared so drastically.

“George... Please show me yourself too.” Dream’s voice rang through the speaker. George was eager to please, lifting his camera and tilting it downward to show his sweater paw wrapped loosely around himself. He heard Dream let out a moaning sigh, only signifying George to reveal more of himself. Another low moan echoed through the call, making George moan on his own to

mirror the arousing noises that would forever be engrained in his mind.

“Fuck, Dream...*Dream*...” George moaned, repeating the man’s name as he worked his fist up and down himself, moving his mouth down to bite at the neckline of the hoodie as if it were humanly possible to muffle the noises he were making.

“George, fuck... in my hoodie too. *Fuck*, you look good.” Dream praised him, the words falling off his tongue like sweet sugar syrup.

“Not as good as you.” He mumbled nervously, trying to keep his hand from shaking while his camera focused on his dick.

He stroked slowly, fully enjoying the noises that his movements were eliciting from Dream. He’d have been content enough to just watch the image splayed on his screen, refusing to touch himself as Dream watched him squirm. He’d do anything to see Dream like this, to watch him touch himself so greedily and with less than chaste movements.

He felt lightning shoot through his veins, melting him into his floor as he thumbed at his slit, muffling his moans as he bit further onto the fabric of the hoodie, forcing more of it into his mouth. His entire body felt like it was vibrating with radiating warmth as he stilled his movements, choosing to focus on the way Dream’s veins in his hands were lifting under his skin with every movement he made.

“Don’t slow down baby, I want you to take care of yourself. Please? For me?” Dream begged, words choking in his throat as he gasped at his own arousal.

It perked an idea in his mind. George released his dick, letting it slap hard against his stomach. Dream let out a sigh at the noise, making George smile lightly at the effect he had on the man. He wrapped his fingers around his tip lightly, pulling it away from his abdomen before letting it slap against his skin once again. The noise repeated, echoing through his phone’s speakers like music to his ears. With an eager mind, he let the sleeve of the hoodie fall down his arm with the twist of his wrist, revealing more of his hand.

Slowly, he danced his fingertips down the side of his weeping cock, tip turning a darker hue at the lack of contact. His fingers trailed down past his balls, curving around the side of his thigh before he dipped them fully between his legs. With a deep sigh, he spread his knees, moving his hand further down until his fingers coated in precum were prodding at his tight hole. Dream’s movements only sped up in response as his hips bucked into his fist.

“George holy *fuck*.” He whispered with an exasperated gasp.

“Do you like this Dream? Do you wanna see me finger myself?” He teased, tipping the camera further down to give Dream a better view of him circling around his hole with his pointer finger.

“Please, George... *oh my god*.”

George prodded at his hole with the tip of his finger, moaning deeply at the intrusion as he slowly pressed against the taught ring of muscle. He relaxed around his first knuckle, catching his breath before pushing in further. He wanted to roll his head back, but watching Dream on the other end of the call was taking over every need he'd normally give in to.

He pushed further, finally sinking onto his third knuckle with a glutaral moan, adjusting to the feeling for a moment before curling his finger slightly. He watched Dream slow slightly, watching George's every movement with intense focus as he held his own camera up high, showing his entire naked body and flushed face. George pulled his finger out to the tip again before pushing it back inside himself, easing into the movements.

“Fuck George, please keep doing that.” Dream pleaded, only urging George to do whatever he could to please the man. He moved his finger in and out of himself more, enjoying the feeling as he clenched around himself. He pulled his finger back out, pushing at his muscle to squeeze a second finger in.

“*Dream please...*” he whined, pushing the second finger inside of himself slowly until both were swallowed entirely.

“God George, does that feel good?” Dream asked with genuine care, thumb circling around the tip of his own dick as he watched.

“I wish it was you, *fuck*.” He said, curling his two fingers before scissoring them to stretch himself out. Warmth was pooling in his stomach, and he yearned to move his hand back to his cock, but giving Dream a show was more important. He'd never ignored his own selfishness for someone else's pleasure before, but doing it for Dream made him arch his back against the carpet as he thrust down against his fingers.

“George please, oh my god...” Dream moaned, speeding up his movements as he squeezed his

hand around himself, utilizing the thrusting of his hips to please himself more.

“Dream you’d feel so good inside of me, even your fingers would feel better than mine.” George praised him, adding a whisper to his words to help his voice drop into a sultry tone.

“Fuck baby please keep going.”

George buried a third finger inside of himself, tilting the camera to an angle that would show Dream just how much he could take as he scissored all of his fingers apart, stretching himself wider. He finally rolled his head to the side against the carpet, keeping his view locked on Dream’s hips moving sporadically in uneven thrusts.

“Dream please fuck me holy fuck...” He pleaded, “you’re doing so good baby, you’re gonna make me feel so good.” He continued to praise, only becoming more aroused at Dream’s reaction to his words.

Dream’s hips sped up to a sloppy motion as mumbling words turned into an elongated and loud moan. His fist moved down his shaft and he stroked himself quickly, shooting ribbons of white all over his abdomen, residual drips of cum clinging to his fist.

“Fuuuuck.” Dream groaned, slowing to a still as the last few drops of cum were milked from his cock.

George’s legs were shaking as he continued to finger himself, wrist pressed against the floor as he bounced his hips up and down. He watched Dream run a single finger up and down himself, pulling any excess cum from his dick to add to the pool on his stomach. George was close, the lightning in his veins melting into his blood stream and making his head fuzzy every time he sank onto his fingers.

“D-Dream can I – ca-can I...” His words slurred off his tongue as he drooled onto the fabric of his hoodie, willing himself not to pinch his eyes closed as his fingers curled against his prostate.

“Yes baby oh my god, you’re doing so well, please touch yourself.” Dream encouraged.

George pulled his fingers out of himself, clenching around nothing as he moved his slick fingers back up to his cock, wincing lightly at the touch. With a sigh of relief, he wrapped his hand fully

around himself, moving his wrist quickly as the warm pool of nerves in his stomach was ignited. After a few quick strokes, he was cumming harder than he ever had in his life. He saw black spots in his vision as he bucked his hips into the air, streaks of white painting his flushed chest and clinging to the material at the bottom of the scrunched up hoodie.

He kept stroking, driving himself into overstimulation as he whined and cried loudly, drooling Dream's name repeatedly as his thighs shook enough for him to drop his knees to the ground. Small tears streamed down his cheeks as he completed a full orgasm, his body feeling like it was floating by the time he finally stilled his movements.

Heavy breaths and pants were swimming heatedly between their ends of the facetime call. He felt like he was on cloud nine, ascending into the heights of hell, because there was no way heaven could grace him after such a sinful and lust filled experience. And if heaven weren't capable of handling such, he'd prefer hell any day.

"George... holy shit. That was – " Dream started.

"Fucking amazing... holy shit." George finished, resting his hand against his ribs as he tipped his phone back up. His face was flushed a dark shade of crimson, beads of sweat clinging to the sides of his face and littering his forehead as he still attempted to catch his breath. Dream moved his own camera to his face, his free arm resting over his eyes as his chest moved with heavy panting.

"You know... I wasn't planning on doing a face reveal today. Let alone a dick reveal." Dream said with a smile, peeking under his arm to make sure George's imminent reactionary smile was spread across his face. George chuckled lightly to himself, running his fingers through his hair.

"Jesus Christ, Dream. What did we just do?" He asked, pulling at his sweaty curls.

Dream smiled, looking over to his side and reaching to something, pulling tissues back to himself to wipe off his stomach. George looked to his side, realizing he had nothing to clean himself up with. He let out a sigh, watching Dream turn onto his side in his bed as the sunset crept in through the window behind him. He stretched his arm out, giving George another sleepy smile as he tucked his blanket under his arm, relaxing into his pillows.

"Something that I think we've both been wanting for a while now, if I'm being honest." Dream mumbled sleepily into the fluff of plush white pillows around his head, his blonde curls falling gently against the fabric.

“I agree... I’m still a mess though.” He quietly complained, shifting uncomfortably against the carpet.

“Use the hoodie, clean yourself up and then throw it in the wash later, okay?” Dream cooed, the light of the sun dripping against the scar across the bridge of his nose.

George pulled the hoodie down, using the inside of it to wipe up the mess on his chest. He sat up, setting his phone on the carpet away from himself as he pulled the hoodie off entirely, tossing it to the corner of his room as he grabbed his previously discarded t-shirt, pulling it on along with his boxers. He picked his phone back up, moving himself into his bed to lay on his side atop his comforter.

“Better?” Dream asked, blinking away at the exhaustion settling behind his eyelids.

“Not as comfy as your hoodie, but it’ll do while it’s in the wash.” He replied lazily, his own exhaustion taking over his senses as he relaxed against his pillows.

“Once its safe for you to travel, you can just come cuddle with me afterwards.” Dream said with a smirk, making a small giggle bubble out of George as he blinked slowly and lovingly at the blonde before him.

“The day that happens, I’ll be the happiest person in the world.”

Dream’s face was soft, his expressions full of a warmth that not even the sunset melting against his freckled skin could out match. With him right in front of George’s eyes, he still found himself daydreaming about sharing a bed. He wanted to run his fingertips over Dream’s lips and up his jaw with soft and careful movements, lulling him to sleep by pulling his fingers through his hair.

“Can I keep calling you *baby*?” Dream asked with a soft mumble, letting his eyelids flutter to a close for a moment before peeling his eyes back open. George felt a soft sigh leave his parted lips at the sight, wishing more and more with every passing second that he could be lucky enough to witness such an angelic movement.

“I’d love nothing more, *baby*.” He replied, using the pet name with ease, as if it were meant to be shared between them so casually. Dream hummed in approval at the usage, the lines of his smile crinkling against the pillows under his head.

“Georgie... Baby... Please come here as soon as possible. W’na hol’ you...” His words started to slur together as he appeared to struggle to keep his eyes open.

“I promise Dreamie... I promise...” George’s own words trailing off as he started to give in to his own exhaustion.

He wiggled under his covers, pulling them up over his shoulders to comfortably relax into his mattress as he watched the beautiful boy across the ocean fall asleep on his own screen. He felt lucky, blinking away at glimpses of his best friend.

He meant it before when his thoughts had wandered about the bouts of heaven and hell. So, he thought maybe Dream were a fallen angel. Risen in grace and thrown to the depths of hell to pick George up himself in flight, dragging him through fire and brimstone until they found somewhere in the middle to rest in peace. Their own world of words unspoken where all tensions broke into blissful pleasure and, dare he say it, *love*.

End Notes

hi i'm gonna be honest i've been insanely nervous about posting smut but i've had a lot of amazing and encouraging friends helping me get more comfortable with it! I have a lot of nsfw fics written, so they will slowly trickle in here over the next few weeks. Also - if the cc's change their minds about nsfw content, I will take this down.

thanks so much for reading! Follow me on socials so we can hang out and chat <3

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